

AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

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Sally Manwaring, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, is locked out on the roof of her house, in New York. Driven to seek shelter by a storm she enters the trap-door of other houses and finally enters the house of a rich family...

had arrived late Saturday afternoon and whose name Sally had yet to learn. She pondered it all with ever-deepening perplexity until a change came over the light—a wind stirred, leaves rattled, bushes sighed plaintively, the waters wakened and filled the void of silence with soft clashing. Then, shivering, Sally rose and crept toward the house.

ling, panting, going to heaven against his lips. Then fell a lull. She was conscious that his embrace relaxed a trifle, heard the murmur of his consternation: "Oh, this is madness, madness!" But when she tried to release herself his arms tightened.

CHAPTER IX. PIRAROOM.

Picking perceptibly at her cloak, Lyttleton drew the girl to him and, seizing her hand, without further ceremony dragged her round the clump of shrubbery to a spot secure from observation.

"Not," he said thickly, "not now—not after this! Don't, I love you!" She braced her hands against his breast, struggled, thrust him away from her, found herself free at last.

She spotted without a hint of resistance. But she was trembling violently, and the contact with his hand was as fire to her blood.

He took an impatient stride or two in the shelter of the shadow turned back to her, exhorting, "It's too bad! I'd have given words."

Nothing now prevented her from appreciating the view to the full. Enchanted, she withdrew a little way from the brow of the cliff to a seat on the stone all, overshadowed by the eaves of a roof for a long time sat there motionless, content.

She drew back a pace, as though he had made to strike her, and for a moment was speechless, staring into the new countenance he showed her—the set, cold mask of the insolent, conquering male.

Below her the harbor lay steel gray and still within its guardian headlands, a hundred sail, white pleasure craft, crowded like some amphibious slowworm, its triple tier of deck lights almost blinded into one.

"You're impertinent!" "I don't mean to be. Forgive me, I'm only puzzled."

At a little distance and a point invisible an incautious footstep grated upon a gravel path of the terrace and was instantly hushed.

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For a little the gulf swam giddily beneath her who was never quite easy at an unusual height. But she set herself with determination to master this weakness and presently was able to examine the beach with a clear vision.

"Quite so," he agreed soberly, "and a very reasonable return. Only I can't tell you. It's—a private matter."

Then, retreating to her seat on the stone wall, she waited as long again—still no sign of Lyttleton.

"The Model—brand-new and exceptionally good looking, in a sturdy, man-style way. The Material—real old-fashioned Calfskin, either black or russet.

Claflin, 1107 Chestnut

Above Model, with Rubber Soles, in Russet, \$5

Wandering aimlessly, Sally meets the burglar, who has been locked at Grand Central Station, and insists that he get her an accommodation to Boston. They go to the restaurant, and here the burglar reveals that he is a professional.

"The burglar" reveals himself as Walter Savage, brother of the man who was once the safe of which he had forgotten the combination, when the burglar attacked him.

"You don't love me. Don't lie to me! Let me go!" "Why do you say that? You love me, and I love you."

There are two men sitting at the table, Lyttleton and Trego. The former attracts the attention of the burglar, who comes in, and the matter is explained to her, and the burglar is taken to the police.

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And she was in his arms, going to heaven against his lips.

her; he had suspected as much from the very first; connoisseur that he was, his fair had not deceived him. His lips tightened, his eyes glimmered ominously.

The unexpected humility of his tone, mixed with the impudence of that tone of endeavor, so struck her that she hesitated despite the counsel of a sound intuition.

Advertisement for Stewart Six car, featuring the text 'The Distinctive Stewart Six A Real Pleasure Car' and 'A Car of Rare Motor Personality'. It includes details about the car's features and contact information for Winsor Eveland Motor Car Co.

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Advertisement for Fisk Non-Skid tires, featuring the text 'FISK NON-SKID TIRES' and 'Look At These Prices'. It includes a list of prices for different tire sizes and contact information for The Fisk Rubber Company.

Advertisement for Heppe pianos, featuring the text 'The House that Heppe built' and 'The HEPPE PIANO'. It includes a list of features and contact information for C. J. Heppe & Son.